# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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## Original Poetry.

### THE SEA EAGLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Over the dark icy heaving wave,
Over the sphere of spray;
Where the reindeer winds o'er beaten way,
And the frost glows midnight play;
Over the dusky unbeholden,
Over the heaving wilderness,
That wraps the brooding mage,
Where the empress of the ocean's mask,
Utters its dismal siege;
With a piercing shriek I hurry past,
Upon the shivering gale,
And the seeking from the rocking mast,
Shrinks at my leading wail;
And every I sweep o'er the briny deep,
While the tempest billows swiftly sweep,
From their bosoms cavern below.

I am paroled on the frowning rock,
And the loosing surges me crowd;
Where the tumbling billows wildly mock
The day-tiered thunder's sound;
The towering heavens are dark,
And the tossing winds are still;
On no ocean pillow sleeps the lark,
And the night shadow wrap the hill;
But the ocean's heart, below me rent,
Comes slowly from afar,
That a mighty power shall by every key,
Like the wasting rage of war;
And again I sweep o'er the briny deep,
While the reckless billows madly leap,
From their bosoms caves below.

From Melville's frozen lakes,
From Hecla's watery peak,
Where the Polar spirit rears his icy breaks,
On the reddest wild and bleak,
Where the frowniand still rolls light,
On the glassed Arctic billow;
And darkly heaps the solemn night,
Round the lodging's chilling pillow;
To where the moon blooms,
On the Arctic sea,
And the lone tree flags its light pendisome,
The image breaves o'er,
I love to hear the sounding sea,
For in solemn mood is a joy to me,
When the night shadow hang in their snowy glee,
From their bosoms caves below.

## Original Tales.

### THE TWENTY DOLLAR NOTE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARLE END FARM."

CHAPTER I.

Edmund Grove was at one time a clerk in the Custom House, and upon the strength of a good salary he married. In the course of here years he was father of a son and daughter, and with good health and fair prospects, he was as happy as an excellent wife could make him. Every year he promised to lay a little money by, but every day, but when the rainy day came there was no money to contain. Such was the case when we begin this little history, his son was twelve and his daughter eight years of age, and when his wife filled the tea kettle and got it on the fire there was nothing to set before the family but half a loaf of bread.

The tea is made, dear," said she to her suffering husband, "shall I help you to one, or will you take breakfast in bed?"

"I think I had better get up. Anna, for my thoughts are more comfortable when in bed. Where is Lewis?"

"He went out half an hour ago," said she, coloring, for she did not like to tell him that the child had gone to a peweler's to sell a gold ring, the last ornament, excepting her wedding ring that she possessed.

The little boy came in flushed with excitement, for he had got twenty dollars for his gold ring, and his childlike, he thought it had become his own property.

"Where did you find it?" asked his father, rising from the bed to examine the bill.

"Just at the corner, father; step this way, and I will show you the place."

"It must be advertised, my son, and I have no doubt the owner can identify and reclaim it."

"Oh, father, why must we give it up? we want the money so badly, and what is lying in the street certainly belongs to the one that picks it up."

"If your hat was carried off by the wind, and little boy saw it round the corner lying on the pavement, would that hat belong to him?"

"Certainly not, father—yes, I see it now, and this money is not ours. Perhaps some poor person has lost it, as we have lost our watch. I wonder if that strange old gentleman over the way could have dropped it?"

"I think not," said Mr. Grove, "for he never goes out, that is, I have never seen him leave the house, but you can ask him when you go and ask him."

So Lewis went across the narrow street, and at the window he saw the person of whom he spoke, he was leaning on the window sill looking up and down the street.

"I found a bank note, sir, just down there," said the boy, "and I twenty dollar bank notes, did you had lost it."

"Come in, come in," said the gentleman, "go round to the street door and I will open it. Yes, I have lost a note, a twenty dollar note. I will show you the number and amount of it."

Often and often did Lewis want to see the inside of that large house, and above all to know something of the stranger, who seemed to live entirely alone.

The note I lost is number 2340; now is that the number of the note you found?"

Lewis did not know, but he ran over to his father to ascertain if that note had those numbers on it. The stranger said him to hasten back. Mr. Grove sighed as Lewis left them with the lady of the house, and her husband tried to cheer her by observing that good would come out of it yet, for that in all probability the gentleman would give the child a dollar or two.

"And yet," said Mrs. Grove, "that would not be right, for it is a mean act of honesty, and why should it be rewarded? It has often struck me that for such knave an idea that it is a very praiseworthy act for a poor man to return money found in the street. It is not small to him, and he feels it keenly: there is more honesty among the poor than is generally conceded, and even among servants, where temptations are thrown in their way, how few there are that are dishonest. But there comes Lewis; what has he in that basket?"

Lewis, with sparkling eyes and a warm glow on his cheek, opened the basket, first making his father, mother and sister sit around the table. It was the remains of an epicure's breakfast, and quite suffced for them all, particularly as they were supplied with tea and bread. If the food had been cut up and scattered about the basket they might have accepted to touch it, but it was evident that the contents of the basket were just as the restaurateur sent it.

"Now, Lewis, tell us all that passed after you took the note; his name is Melville, you say?"

"Yes mother, his name is Lewis Melville, and I really think that he likes me the better for having his name, and yet I do not see why, for no one in any the better for having a particular name."

"Well, never mind moralizing," said his mother, "but let us hear what passed."

Lewis, however, did not wish to give a faithful account of his visit, for he thought his parents would not like to hear how free he had been in speaking of their embarrassments. His father soon perceived this and encouraged him to proceed by observing that it was very probable if Mr. Melville could be aware of his present unfortunate situation he might suggest some plan of relief.

"That is just what I thought, however, father," said Lewis to what Mr. Melville asked why you chose to live in a house almost roofless, I told him of your circumstances and of your not being able to write, and in short I told him to draw from me that just now I only just now, we were very badly off and then spoke of the watch, and how you were going to the jeweller's, and on looking at it he said he wanted just such a ring for a friend. He told me to see him myself and that he would give me it and then to bring it to him. Just then a man brought in a large tray covered with rolls muffins and all these nice things, I suppose that they have looked eager, or else he suspected that I had not breakfasted, for he made me being over almost the whole of what was brought to him, reserving only the coffee and a muffin. He said he never ate more, but the man would always bring enough for three or four persons."

Did you see the servants, did they know of your bringing the basket here?"

"Why mother, he has no servants, it is the queer est thing you ever heard, he says he has no wants, that a woman comes every day to sweep the house from the top to the bottom, that she does not eat there nor sleep there, and what is very extraordinary the room that he sits in over there has no carpet on it and there are only three common chairs and a small plain bedstead in it. He sits in a rocking chair with a book before him, and a number of old papers."

"It is very singular, perhaps he is only an agent, and is placed there to take care of the house."

"Oh, no father, he is the owner of it, for he observed that he intended to leave directly for it to which our house stands, but he thought better of it and contented himself with the house he was in and the one adjoining."

"Calling her names! what do you mean, is he a vulgar man?"

"No, not at all mother, he is only old and funny, he made me laugh several times, but I cannot stop to tell you now, for I must go to the jeweller's, and dear mother will you get the basket in neat order by the time I come back."

Lewis took the bank note and plates to Mr. Melville, with the price of the ring on a slip of paper, the jeweller would only give a dollar for it. Mr. Melville said he would come every day to sweep the house from the top to the bottom, that she does not eat there nor sleep there, and what is very extraordinary the room that he sits

to it, which was intended to have been of the same height, was left unfinished when one hundred and eighty-five [illegible] of masonry. This [illegible] removed in [illegible] of the [illegible] 1855, and the [illegible] was completed. The [illegible] of the church in Paris, and [illegible] the [illegible] presence. The [illegible] is [illegible] and [illegible] chapels and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] known in [illegible] Germany. There are still many very old and curious tombstones on the outside of the Cathedral; one, an inscription near the [illegible] of the old [illegible] marks the place where Count Rudolphsky was killed at the barricades of the Turkish army, under the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, who besieged Vienna in the year 1683. The entire length of the Cathedral is three hundred and forty feet. —L. & T.

## The Old World.

FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

### WILLIS'S LETTERS.

My Dear Morris,—That remarkable curiosity, a pleasant day, has turned out at last, and I sit London by a "fair train" for Paris, *via* Belgium. As I believe you have not been in Europe for three years, I left us, if she should have been clothes-basket with—of one but knew because was so welcome basket and had been gone so long. The grass and my sparrow much brighter and sunnier here, Scotch, you should come to a country where rain shadow (like Undine's) stamps you as something new, to appreciate sunshine.

I was alone in the last passenger car of the train —sailing backwards, but one "with my back to the horses." On the contrary, I was in danger of having my brains kicked out by the horses before me. A pair of boys were bound up in a freight-car hooked on close to my front windows, and thirty mules was covered, not to be an agreeable party to them. One pair at least, after fifteen minutes' incessant kicking, made a breach between two mules square, in the end of their dark prison, and from that time the glittering show fore into the daylight every minute or two till we reached England. At the hind-box was lined with tow-cloth and studded with straw; the mule-mules were quiet, and I was comfortable sleeping and entertaining the lively people bound to death, as the cars at Versailles, I watched the sparks in the dark forests with some interest. All alone in a rail opening only towards the fire (and might be) I was as entirely strained, for roasting, as a Christmas turkey in a the kitchen. The world would have had a loss if we had been burnt, for I found, on arriving, that Julius Cæsar was the other side of the partition locked me.

If there a pretty little cafe of road when we arrived at our place of embarkation; and I saw at once that dinner was to be had, and that neither of the partition locked me.

I will speak you the voyage on paper. In a single second I bring you to Dieppe. For Gold and me it was a delicious opera of eight continuous hours.

Romance in a strange successor to sea-sickness, but the mean close to pass her fall-cry in an night of the closet-drawer as I went to my hotel—looking (the moon) as if she was resting her cheek upon the spread figures of a Catholic hand. The air was delicious with balmy, and the effect of the moonlight on the angular and heavy-browed buildings of the antique town, was of very unusual beauty. I stroll an hour in the narrow streets of Dieppe with my heart in the air.

I was awaked in the morning by a knock at every door in the entry, some among the rest, and a loud call for "Cesar!" A little reckoning of my eyes recalled to me that I was good Roman was dead and that I was in France: and was to be called with the other passengers bound to Paris, at six *heures*. The diligence was to go at seven. All over the other wing of the hotel, by this time, resounded the knock and the same gracious call—*Au Cesar!* Cesar! Cesar!

But I was an hour a week to get baggage weighed and examined, and clean and passport made presentable for Paris, and when this was done, and I was ready for breakfast, (more ready from having given Neptune my dinner the day before) the French lady never called me to take the road to Rouen. That arrived me mad and then was but one place left though it turned out, weather and all, to be the lowest in the vehicle. I answered hungry, to the courier was cabriolet on the top, and there in the corner lying across the cushion, was a loaf of rye bread and a bottle of wine, one on the left hand of Mr. George Vanderbuff and the other in his right. It was a very pleasant surprise to find a friend in the three nourishing components of a French breakfast. He like tea, and been licensed him had to be the particular conversation without coffee, but he had stopped into the shops for the bread and the bottle—two of which he soon relieved me a share. The partition cracked his crony bag and offer me out on our sunnyny side into France,—one passenger, at least, much better prepared to enjoy the day —costly from having hired and wine, and a fresco to talk to.

It was a model day of summer. I don't know that I have had many successive days since that in Dieppe in Rouen, on the this Aug. 31st. Vanderbuff had been twenty-five days in Europe, and we talked of the place over. The Parisians and English make a great flutter-house of it in the cross country. The night before they had had what was advertised as a "Venetian Carnival"—a kind of ball by moonlight, on the hard sands of the beach, where the without were masked and the rest sat. This struck me as queer and funny. They bathe altogether here and read the newspapers in public reading-rooms, and dine at table d'hote, and, in short, try life in the gregarious form, as a contrast to the more exclusive habits of the rigid northern races. The Grand Turc, Duchesse de Berri used to have quite a little court at Dieppe, but, since she went to Belgium here, it has grown enormous.

We were in much haste in four hours and a-half, thence by the new railroad to Paris. I had several very positive pleasures in the road. I caught of the glorious old cathedral I had visited, years ago, and in the strongest twinkle of old architecture and picturesque convenience in the narrow streets of Rouen —but I know not how to convey these pleasures to you without details which would be tedious. We passed many a rose in the garden of life of which we are required to enjoy the sweet—but we have not sharing it, to our afterwards that we have passed a rose. Long descriptions are a loss, but it to say, and caligraphers of our mind's pleasures do not interest another.

But my manner of ride from Rouen to Paris was something new. I supposed, remember, that we were to have the customary diligence and take the railroad cars. But, you know what a horse on wheels a diligence is—one large slaughter as a load of lead—and you see fancy the comfort of exchanging a body for a rail road. We drove under a machine like the omnibus, which our vehicle was loaded, and placed till the wheels were disengaged and drove on loaded down upon the long flat cars going before us and at the time like riding in a barber's chair set upon the last joint of the tail of a flying mammoth. I got whirring a tunnel particularly, was to perceive I was going to start my flying in a dark one. But to see a small hole in a mountain, rushing into a car is to be to the impression of being plunged suddenly into a dark one. But to see a small hole in a mountain, and to see the car flying at it with the speed and inevitable certainty of an arrow, the moment the heading is to be in the head being up smoke and staggering two swiftly out of the daylight after him, is very near to the superlative in death whether (as my of the many future states or existence is not to be determined by the length of the metempsychosis.) I shall ever be gobbled up by a monster with a more insulting grace. Just before the plunge, the hole looks two inch-worm size, and to see you go at it like an egg at a hop's mouth passed up for sucking, and then on both sides of a mountain and not at the other, with no quick a stitch, to make one as unconscious of the existence of one as a shoemaker's awl—doubtful whether any thing be done had the crime been behind.

We arrived at Paris at four. The streets were dusty everywhere, but a man with his sister in the carpet bag at his knee, was even the gayest scene with something new. The new-fitted arrivals open always with crowing hunger. I re-read it—seeing her at me, stood, and stare me, and to repeat the pronunciation on the commonplace pave of the Rouen cards. Yours faithfully, N. P. W.

My Dear Morris,—To see so much time in the street without memorials and vague (a light-house embedded in the ocean) is an unnatural one to [illegible] certainly allows the rational physiognomy. Every man smokes in the street in Paris. And what it means (for better as you choose to think about it) is the absolute absence of home. I talked of eating by the side of a lonely English woman, (my wife) on a memorial card, where the mistress shared of her fair fingers through the profusion of black curls upon their cheek, and said "I hope you will not be disagreeable to you." I looked amusement at the possibility of [illegible] Saviour," and added: "I have been smoking all the morning, and shall, in one's hair to [illegible] cigar!" [illegible] paper wagon made of very delicate tobacco. They stood the idea of ever giving the practice up, and only acted about at having to long left this charming thought about it, they so enjoyed. It is perfectly [illegible] by the way, to smoke in our stranger in the street, and take a light from him? and this now amount that the [illegible] for the credit of the Americans. Those who care to see have tips and [illegible] to the Americans are a race of men without breeding." It has been quoted engravingly to me.

I did not intend to write a line to you from Paris as I stopped here but to feed and glance, and some to make my first unpurchased half upon the River Thought these a month that home and amusing to the eye. Such is little fact of a [illegible] for description. But often description many of pleasures, or at least little that does not require more knowledge than a pocket up on the pave. Wadds's most valuable letters to the Intelligencer, and Gaillinole's to the "Courier des Etats Unis," at New York, made in two them almost a "pleasure" of Paris just now [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

# United States SATURDAY POST.

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Agents will be allowed to retain 25 per cent. with their names in the list.
No letter issues will be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
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Any postmaster is authorized to make up a club of subscribers, either while it is distributed to keep accounts correct. They should always state from what Post Office remittances are made, and to what Post Office each paper is sent.
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## HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have been experienced on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, we take the occasion of the new Post Office law to say we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is tendered, gives a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the name of the person. That receipt goes to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master at the office where he receives his paper.
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The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Salem, Pa., September 15, 1845.
Received from John Holmes, two dollars for subscription to the United States Saturday Post, for one year, which I have delivered one per cent. and charged myself with the amount. Said part fee is my account with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, on the presentation of this receipt.
JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Salem, Pa., September 15, 1845.
Received from John Holmes, two dollars for subscription to the United States Saturday Post, for one year, which I have delivered one per cent. and charged myself with the amount. Said part fee is my account with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, on the presentation of this receipt.
JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

## Notices of New Works.

DERBY'S DESCRIPTION OF NEW YORK. *New York Village Scenes. Philadelphia: John Pennington.* This is a reprint of a work published originally in London, published originally in London, in 1839. There have been but two editions published in this country, prior to last March, when a pamphlet edition was issued by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, printed from a copyright made after the copy in the hands of Mr. Penington, and presented to the Society by Mr. Pennington. It is a work which we think is deserving the very highest praise, were to be found in this country, the editor of the New York edition should have contented himself with the Historical Society—particularly as he did not overlook the preface, but has borrowed every fact, and some every word as it, for introductory to his own production. A little more candor and literary honesty would have been manifested. Still the work before us is a beautiful one, and is especially furnished with numerous excellent engravings, from the pencil of Mr. Cousen, Esq. We are glad to find that Derbie is but the first of a series of the Gossip Sketches of New York, and we hope he may find liberality and zeal enough in the city of his adoption to enable the publication to be carefully commenced. It is due to our predecessors and a greater debt still to our posterity—that our valiant, deserving, and prominent citizens should receive at once a place, and persons.

NARRATIVE OF A MISSION TO BOKHARA, IN THE YEARS 1843-'5, ADDRESSED TO THE FAMILY OF CONNOLLY AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY. *By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Leading & Blanchard.* This is a most curious—filled with many interesting facts—work, and no man who is the writer. The peculiarity of his character would render any statement easily accounted for, and, when the wild and singular actions and others which he vented, I still readily be perceived that he found sufficient foundation for the most extravagant tales of adventure. There is a great deal of matter well worth weighing and considering in the present work—the eccentricities of the narrative; and is interest, it is equal, if not superior to any book of travels which has recently appeared. The character of the man—who has been found of, we were about to say, by every ancient order and sect—will secure for the present work a wide circulation by the lovers of the romantic and adventurous.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF GUELPH AND TRIAL. *By Horace Walpole. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. Vol. II.* The first volume of this work was published some time ago, and the reception given by the public was at first aggressive. As a key to the history of the period, furnishing a light which could be obtained in no work for a vein in other places, the correspondence and Memoirs by Horace Walpole are invaluable; but it is to be one that they strip kings, courts and monsters of not a little of their tinsel, the common sense, sarcasm and gossiping freedom of the writer place it in the rear and the imposing view of men and things. Walpole is a not over a historical writer, and his sentences are more often and not a little cross examination—but as we have said before, his writings are invaluable, and will be sought after by the lovers of the most agreeable writer in the world.

THE EXECUTANT. *By Miss Pickering. Harnett & Co.* The popularity of the works of Miss Pickering would be sufficient to ensure the sale of this work, were it not for the peculiar interesting character of her stories. Notwithstanding its style, and absorbing in interest, they make whatever they undertake to give to the public a book of value.

THE ROSETTE. *Boston: William Pierce. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* This is a modest and pretty little book, just fit for us purpose to do good in the little folks. Its moral is unexceptionable, its style is such as is excellent little affair, neatly embellished and handsomely bound.

ICE ISLANDS. We have before us Carey & Hart's magnificent quarto annual for the coming holidays, but have not been favored with a single copy. It is said to be embellished with ten engravings, six of which are from steel-plates, and four from wood-cuts.

PRACTICAL MEDICINE. *Harper & Brothers'* edition of Copland's Medical Dictionary, with Dr. Lee's Notes and additions, is now complete. The work is valuable, and may be had of *Zieber & Co.*, and of *Leading & Blanchard*.

HARPERS' FAMILY BIBLE. No. 40 of this popular and cheaply embellished work has been issued, and may be obtained of *Zieber & Co.*, of *T. B. Peterson*, and of *Leading & Blanchard*.

THE LIBRARY. *Mansfield Park*, by *James Austen*, and *The Only Daughter*, by the author of the Subalterns, have been published in a cheap form by *Carey & Hart*.

## Personal News.

☞ The oldest man in France has recently received the decoration of the legion of honor, at degree, or oldest man in the ranks of the army. He is a Paris named Kolbenheim, a native of Alsace to France with Stanislaus, King of Poland, was in the body guard of that prince until 1766, when he entered the French service. He is still living, and has passed 79 years in the ranks, during which time he has served in twenty-nine campaigns. He has also been engaged in action in America, Spain, Italy, Germany, Portugal, Russia and France, and now does duty, hale and hearty as a sergeant in the company of invalids, who are a guard of honor at the palace of the Luxembourg.

☞ Wm. Penn lately died in London, aged 70; he was a great-grandson of the celebrated Wm. Penn, the founder of the Province of Pennsylvania.

☞ The Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen has completely recovered from his late serious illness, in New York.

☞ Henry, the artist, is now at Marshfield, Massachusetts, painting the portrait of the Honorable Daniel Webster.

## A WORTHY PATRIARCH.

The Boston Atlas announces the decease of a worthy Hebrew: From Prague, we hear of the death, at the age of 97, of the Hebrew lexicographer, Meister Salzkasser,—a man whose title to a passed in pages like ours, consists, not in the princely fortune which was the work of his own unwearable toil, but in the noble use which he made of it. Fifty years ago, M. Salzkasser came penniless to Prague; and he has left behind him a fortune of three millions of florins—£300,000. He devoted the larger part of his immense resources to the encouragement of science, art and literature, and to the relief of the indigent, without distinction of religion or race, and by his will, he has bequeathed two millions of florins—£200,000, among the benevolent institutions of all the principal cities of Bohemia. He was followed to the cemetery of his native city now of all trades and beliefs—the poor, of course—the civil and military authorities of the capital—all the distinguished men of the city, and a numerous band of music, playing one of the various Christian airs. Everywhere, the spirit is passing into darkness, which would have left a spot upon the earth, without influence, or trampled on the grave of a man like this.

☞ The Boston Sun says: "The actor, Booth, recently died, and one of the coolest contrasts between his services on the stage of his are drawing to a close, we see, and he will soon finish his last part.

☞ The Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate announces the death of David Moore, who, for twenty years represented that county (Madison) in the Alabama Legislature.

☞ The Hon. Samuel Painter, a much esteemed citizen of Delaware, died in Sussex county, in that State, on the 3d inst., in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

## THE POTATO ROT.

Upon the subject in universal use for agricultural readers, we publish the following extracts from late English papers. We can not remark in introducing them, but with much sensibility to the calamity by to the ever done population of Europe than to us, as is evidenced in the efforts recommended by the Queen and Parliament of Great Britain to make a portion of the vegetable still available as food.

FROM THE FARMER'S'S CHRONICLE.

A fatal malady has broken out among the potato crop. On all sides we hear of the destruction that has overtaken the tuber, almost exempting as the West of North of England. In Belgium the fields are said to be entirely destroyed. There is hardly a sound sample in Covent-garden market. This disease country in a gradual decay of the leaves and the stem, which became a putrid mass, and the tuber is affected by degrees in a similar way. The first advance, again at the appearance on the edge of the leaf of black spot, which gradually spreads, and progresses attacks the leaflets, and in a few days the latter is covered, emitting a peculiar and offensive fetidity of water. When in severe, the tubers also decay in other cases they are comparatively uninjured.

The cause of this calamity is, we think, traceable to the season. During the months of August and the temperature has been cold—down two to three degrees below the average—we have had continual rain and no sunshine. It is hardly possible to conceive that such a combination of circumstances should have produced any other result, all things considered. The potato is chiefly a vessel for conveyity of water. Its whole construction is framed with a view to receive and to part with moisture. Its pores are provided to enable it to part with this water. But a too vaporous atmosphere is unfavorable to the motion of the fluids, or the action of the cells of the plant; and when the atmosphere is charged to saturation the water sent into the leaves to be perspired. At night the amount of evaporation from the plant is comparatively small: at bright sunshine it is copious; in fact the amount of perspiration is in proportion to the quantity of light that falls upon a leaf. At night, or in darkness, there is no light—and no action of that kind. At noon-day there is almost all that important class of functions has been performed. The interior has been supplied with absorb an unusual quantity of water, the increase of evaporation has promoted their depositing it, and the abstinence of sunlight has rendered it impossible for them to get rid of it. Under such circumstances—as it necessarily stagnated in their interior, and the inevitable result of that was not, for a reason to be presently explained.

Although we have not the opportunities of the disease in the leaves and then in the haulm, we believe that it commences in the tuber itself. In the haulm which is just broken the tuber will be found to be quite sound. The water collected in the leaves, and which cannot be evaporated, is

## Selected Poetry.

### OUR LITTLE CHURCH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMACHER.

Oh, only see how neat and clean
Our little church is shining;
Not e'en the smallest speck is seen
On tower and roof is stemming
How well arranged all stemming
Where shall the like on earth be found?

Through the village bright and clear
It peeps out all so gaily
Round on our fields it looks here
And down through all the valley.
Well pleased it is, and may not stay
With its own grace and purity.

Sun always down its beams doth pour
When tempests rage and flat,
Or even dim the little bell
Speaks out — "Twill soon be quiet!
Though clouds back loud and pour their rain
The sunshine, brighter, comes again
And when the storm-bird shrieks and sounds,
With silver peace all glistening,
How every heart beats light and bounds,
And earth and heaven seem listening.

Oh, only see how neat and clean
Our little church is shining;
Not e'en the smallest speck is seen
But what he feels in one can tell.

Oh! see in evening's twilight
Its little windows gleaming
Bright as a bride in her attire
In flowers and jewels bran-ing,
And, with its golden cross and glows,
Pale sun its splendor o'er.

When our little church shows quite—
Then to the church we run
The little maidens, blue and white,
All eager how to reward
On Sunday none is empty found—
There's not one left who the world round!

See where against the pillared wall
The pulpit high is placed,
Well carved and planned by master-hand,
And quaintly gilded cast;
Then comes the parson, ordained,
They wonder he is not dead.

But he stands up a hero, there,
And leads them on to Heaven,
Through all the world of sin and care,—
The hero his God has given.
Soft falls his word as dew comes down
On a dry meadow parched and brown.

But see, the sun already sinks,
And all the valley is dim,
Only our little spire still blinks
With day's last golden splendor;
How still and sacred all around!
Where shall a church like ours be found?

## A Good Story.

### "IT'S ONLY A DROP."

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the face of the latter brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire: it had obviously been spread not in vain, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael broke away from his sister's arms, the chicked agony she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said

"It isn't the cry ones alone, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise sayings and your sweet song, and your merry laugh. that I can so well remember,—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to set us on the new rush, and in the meantime pride of her heart, call out ballet to look at us, and screech to us against being exercised, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us blossoms of beauty, and her father's head, and her king and queen.

"God and the blessed virgin make her be at rest now, poor soul, however many sins she may have had to answer for, and lading her hand affectionately within his own, said

"Sure enough, Ellen, and that's the truth. I'm at no more sin you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and warn a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own heart-lessons with no one to keep me company but the cricket that can't see, let alone hear, the cricket."

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "now off, you poor lad all the time, pretending to one thing when they mane another, there's a deal o' deceit about them!"

"Sure one of them—and no my mother either—and Nora, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring it out the color to your bonny cheek, a deal more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convenient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a pretty name Mary is, it's a common name, too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the old rhyme!

"'Mary, Mary, quite contrary'

—Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but that to you any way, brother Mike. Can't you act civil and don't be pulling the heart out of Feathers cat's tail, it isn't mane enough in it—and don't thank you not to shoot the beautiful English cotton stocking I am knitting, have off your tricks or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and no more than even that to you, my boy, so I'm unfeared, poor-mad Feathers," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never mind what he says to you, he has no notion to make you either head or tail to the house, not he; he won't let you be without a mistress to give you yer cup of milk, or yet bit of nog. he won't let you be turned into the poor pan. I'm glad enough to scrap an Ellen for a Mary, so he is, but that's a secret atwixtmore, you well tell it to nay one."

"Anything to your happiness," replied the lout, that somewhat sullenly, but your butcher has a worse fault than ever I had, and that's handling all the lettering you kept on to me. he has a turn for the frogs, Ellen, you know he has."

"Now spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"Yes I'll not let a word go against him," said Michael, "No," she said. "I'll never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the frogs but I'll cure him."

"After he's married. observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "before. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to after-marriage reformation, now I shall have reason you Mike of the shocker had hadn't you had of getting off everything to the last! and after performing a brother, who knows what I may do with a heart! do you think Laura hasn't had them plenty Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now all dug by your own fair hands! and you come home from work—planted in the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door chest, or standing over the pig-sty, or over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agriculture Society

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous hearted Mike, "I'll never touch a penny of it but for your never should have had it, I'll never touch it.

"You never shall," she answered, "I've had it every penny out, so when the young bride comes home she'll have such a house of convenience as not to be found in the parish—white table cloths for Sunday, a bible for Sunday, and prayer book rain the meadow, brighter, comes again

"Larry," said Ellen, "you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be contented before we stand before the priest. I have my fortune in convenience after.

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly—"I've made my resolutions, and I'll stick to them. I'll never be married to a man who is not contented with his lot, and who is not ready to make the best of it. I'll never be married to a man who is not ready to make the best of it. I'll never be married to a man who is not ready to make the best of it. I'll never be married to a man